

1837

# True Love Can Ne'er Forget

Samuel Lover

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The views expressed in this paper are solely those of the author.



True Love can never forget.

A Favorite Ballad

From the Songs of the  
Legends and Traditions of  
IRELAND.

As Sung by  
Madame Caradori Allan.

Written & Composed  
by  
Samuel Lover Esq.

Pr 50 Cts

NEW YORK

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# True Love can ne'er forget.

It is related of Carolan, the Irish Bard, that after his loss of sight, and the lapse of twenty years, he recognised his first love by the touch of her hand

Written & Compos'd by SAMUEL LOVER Esq<sup>r</sup>.

TENDERLY  
but not  
TOO SLOW

"True love can ne'er for...get,

Fond....ly as when we met Dear..est I love thee yet, My dar..ling one!"



Thus sung a minstrel grey His sweet im.pas.siond lay Down by the

Ocean's spray, At rise of Sun; But witherd was the minstrel's sight, Morn to him was

ad lib tempo  
dark as night Yet his heart was full of light, As he this lay be..gun.... True love can

neer for..get Fond...ly as when we met, Dear.est I love thee yet, My darling

one!! Long years are



past and o'er, Since from this fatal shore, Cold hearts and cold winds bore

My love from me." Scarce...ly the Minstrel spoke When, quick, with

Ritard.<sup>o</sup> ad lib  
flashing stroke, A boat's light oar the silence broke, O...ver the Sea.  
Colla voce

Soon up..on her :na..tive strand, Doth a lovely La..dy land, While the Minstrel's  
a tempo

Espress ad lib  
love..taught hand Did o'er his sweet harp run.  
Espress. L R Lento



tempo

True love can neer forget, Fondly as

when we met Dear est I love thee yet,

Espress

adlib

My dar ling R one

5

Where the Minstrel sat alone,  
 There that Lady fair hath gone,  
 Within his hand she plac'd her own,  
 The Bard dropt on his knee:  
 From his lip soft blessings came,  
 He kiss'd her hand with truest flame,  
 In trembling tones he nam'd her name,  
 Though her he could not see,

3

But oh! the touch the Bard could tell,  
 Of that dear hand remember'd well,  
 Ah! by many a secret spell,  
 Can True love trace his own  
 For True love can neer forget  
 Fondly as when they met,  
 He lov'd his Lady yet,  
 His darling one.



